

PS 3519

.0247

B3

1920

Copy 1



Denison's Specialties

THE BATTLE OF ROLLIN' BONES

By

Frederick G. Johnson

T.S. Denison & Company
Publishers · Chicago



Price, 25 Cents

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M. F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	8 8
Abbu San of Old Japan, 2 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	15
After the Game, 2 acts, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	1 9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	4 4
All on Account of Polly, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6 10
And Home Came Ted, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (50c)	6 6
Arizona Cowboy, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	7 5
Assisted by Sadie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	6 6
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	9 7
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6 14
Black Heifer, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	9 3
Boy Scout Hero, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	17
Boy Scouts' Good Turn, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	16 2
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7 4
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	7 4
Call of the Colors, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	4 10
Call of Wohelo, 3 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	10
Camouflage of Shirley, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	8 10
Civil Service, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6 5
College Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	9 8
Deacon Dubbs, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5 5
Deacon Entangled, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	6 4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	8 4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6 13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr. (25c)	10
Enchanted Wood, 1¾ h. (35c). Optnl.	
Everyyouth, 3 acts, 1½ h. (25c)	7 6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
For the Love of Johnny, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (50c)	6 3
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs. (30c)	9 14
Gettin' Acquainted, 25 min. (35c)	1 2
Her Honor, the Mayor, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	3 5

	M. F.
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	12
Indian Days, 1 hr. (50c)	5 2
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 4
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs. (25c)	14 17
Kicked Out of College, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	10 9
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6 12
Laughing Cure, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (35c)	4 5
Lighthouse Nan, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5 4
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 4
Little Clodhopper, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	3 4
Mirandy's Minstrels. (30c)	Optnl.
Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	4 7
My Irish Rose, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	6 6
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs. (30c)	2 16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8 6
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs. (30c)	12 9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	10 4
Poor Married Man, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	4 4
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ h. (35c)	7 4
Real Thing After All, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	7 9
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	10 12
Ruth in a Rush, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5 7
Safety First, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	5 5
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (30c)	7
Spark of Life, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
Spell of the Image, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	10 10
Star Bright, 3 acts, 2½ h. (35c)	6 5
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6 4
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (35c)	9 16
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)	7 4
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (35c)	6 18
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs. (25c)	17 23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	8 3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (35c)	7 10
When Smith Stepped Out, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (50c)	4 4
Whose Little Bride Are You? 3 acts, 2½ hrs. (50c)	5 5
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2 4

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

THE BATTLE OF ROLLIN' BONES

A BURNT CORK BARRAGE

BY

FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF

"Mary's Millions," "At Harmony Junction," "Foiled, by Heck!"
"Gimme Them Papers!" "Good Morning, Teacher," "It
Might Happen," "The School of Detecting,"
"Such Ignorance," "The Press
Agent's Handbook," etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

13519
0247B3
1920

THE BATTLE OF ROLLIN' BONES

CHARACTERS.

HENRY HARDTACK HOGSHEAD *A Buck Private*
RUFUS RASTUS RIGGLES..... *Another Stag*
HARDBOILED HIGGINS *An M. P.*
COLONEL MUCHMORE MUSTARD *Hot Stuff*
WETWEATHER WATSON *A Shavetail*
I. SELDOM MISSEM *A Sniper*
FLATFOOT FINCH *A Runner*
DOTSON DASHES *A Signalman*

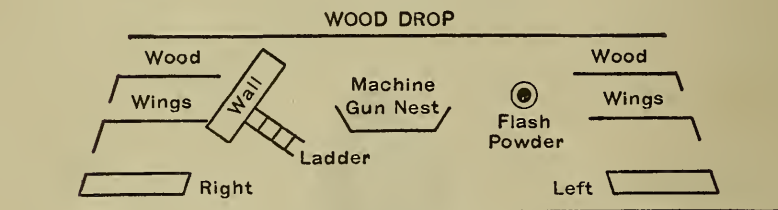
PLACE—*Somewhere in France.*

SCENE—*The Burnt Cork Sector.*

TIME—*Before the War Busted Up.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Thirty Minutes.*

SCENE PLOT.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; C., center; R. C., right center; L., left; I E., first entrance; U. E., upper entrance; R. 3 E., right entrance, up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

NOTICE.—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY FREDERICK G. JOHNSON.

2
©OLD 55316

AUG 19 1920

THE BATTLE OF ROLLIN' BONES

SCENE: *Wood set, full stage. Set wall, about three feet high, diagonally R., up stage. Ladder leans against it. A "machine gun nest," simply made by throwing a piece of burlap over any crude framework as a screen, stands C. It is set so that it will fall flat forward when pushed. Behind it is a gambling device known as a "paddle-wheel," familiar at many fair grounds. It has short projections around the rim, each one numbered, and a flexible flapper gives a rattling sound when the wheel is whirled. This is used for the burlesque "machine gun" effect and for the final tableau. Screen should be high enough to mask the wheel, and wide enough to mask entire group just before the finish. Behind the screen is also a pair of cocoanut shells to be used for galloping horse effect. Up L., on the bare stage, is a magnesium flash, with connection reaching down to point where crap game is played, so that one of the players can flash it at the cue. Any photographer will explain fully how to set and operate this flash. Set rocks, stumps and boxes around stage ad lib. Off stage are bass drum, shrill wailing whistle, carriage cushions and paddles, revolver with blank cartridges.*

NOTE: *This playlet can be given with excellent effect on an ordinary platform, if scenic facilities are not available. The wood setting may be merely suggested by a few cut branches and potted plants at rear and sides of stage. Music and lighting cues may be disregarded and machine gun and magnesium flash business may be omitted, if desired.*

MUSIC: *"Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground," played in ragtime, to raise the curtain.*

LIGHTS: *Half down for rise, increasing fairly rapidly to all up.*

As the curtain rises, RUFUS is pacing up and down in

front of the wall, with rifle. Distant battle effects with paddles and bass drum, off stage. HENRY enters running, from L. His hat is too small and perches on the top of his head. It is attached to a thread, to be pulled off from L. at the cue. He wears a slicker and is dripping with water. Music stops.

HENRY (*to himself*). Don't know why they call it "la belle Frawnce," unless they call it bell because it's always ringin' wet.

RUFUS. Halt! Who goes there?

HENRY. Ain't nobody goin'. Ah's comin', an' Ah's comin' fast!

RUFUS. Halt, or I'll shoot!

HENRY (*putting hand in pocket*). All right. Ah'll shoot you. How much you got?

RUFUS. Man, don't tantalize me. Ah's on duty.

HENRY. Sure 'nough? What you doin', niggah? (*Sits on top of wall.*)

RUFUS. Ah's walkin' mah post.

HENRY (*gloomily*). Ah wish Ah was walkin' the dawg, back in Mon'gomery, Alabama.

RUFUS. Git down off'n that wall, niggah!

HENRY. Wha' fo' is Ah got to git down? Ah don't see no dee-fen-doo sign onto it.

RUFUS. If'n you stay on that wall they'll be a crape onto it—but you won't see it. That's a parapet.

HENRY. Parapet don't say nothin' to me. (*Takes dice from pocket and shakes them.*) This hyah's the only pair o' pets Ah knows about, an' they sho' is restless.

RUFUS. You suttinly is one daredevil doughboy.

HENRY. Yassuh, an' Ah's a gamblin' fool.

RUFUS. Man, yo's gamblin' right now and you don't know it.

HENRY (*indifferently*). Hush yo' fuss!

RUFUS. All right, brothah! Let yo' conscience be yo' guide.

HENRY (*shaking the dice*). Oh, li'l babies, Ah hyah's yo' voice, an' you sho' is talkin' sweet. (*Shakes them close*

to his ear.) Wha's that you-all tellin' me? Oh, li'l angel voices, you said a mouthful. Ah craves action! Ah craves action!

Gun shot off stage. HENRY'S hat is pulled off L. by thread, appearing to be shot off. HENRY jumps down and ducks. Enter HIGGINS, L.

HENRY. Oh, sweet Phoebe, mah cravin' is completely satisfied!

HIGGINS (*taking HENRY by the arm*). Hey, buddy, come along with me.

HENRY. Man, who is you?

HIGGINS. Nevah mine who Ah is. You comes; an' you comes toot-sweet!

HENRY. All right. But when playin' with a strange Ah prefers to use mah own dice.

HIGGINS. You ain't gwine to no crap game, niggah. You's gwine to jail!

HENRY. Hush yo' fuss! Who say jail to me?

HIGGINS (*toughly*). Ah says it!

HENRY (*meekly*). Ah hyah's you say it.

HIGGINS (*pointing to arm-band*). You know what that means?

HENRY. Don't know, less'n it mean "Memphis product."

HIGGINS (*taking hold of him*). Come on. The hoozgow fo' yours. You is pinched.

HENRY. Wha' fo' is Ah pinched?

HIGGINS. Wherefo' an' because you is A. W. O. L.

HENRY. No compree.

HIGGINS (*shouting*). A.-W.-O.-L.!

HENRY (*slowly*). A. W. O. L.—Always Was Outa Luck!

HIGGINS. You-all gwine git ten days in the brig.

HENRY (*reaching for dice*). Shoot you fo' twenty days or nothin'.

HIGGINS. Niggah, roll dem bones! (*They kneel and start a game.*)

HENRY (*rolling dice*). Four an' two. Ah makes it six.

Enter MUSTARD, L.

HENRY (*not seeing him*). Kiss yo' coupons farewell. (*Rolls.*) Five, she comes one short. Baby dice, don't you know yo' papa?

HIGGINS (*to HENRY, brusquely, after seeing MUSTARD*). Hey, buddy, let me see yo' pass!

HENRY (*still not seeing*). Niggah, let me see you fade!

RUFUS. 'Tention, you flatfooted ignoramus!

HENRY (*turning angrily*). Who's a flatfooted ignoramus? (*Sees MUSTARD and gulps.*) Ah is! (*Sheepishly and pretending innocence.*) Good mawnin', gin'ral.

MUSTARD (*fiercely*). Who is you?

HENRY. Henry Hahdtack Hogshead, of Mon'gomery, Alabama.

HIGGINS (*reaching for money*). Five francs say she won't come!

(*During ensuing dialog, HIGGINS and RUFUS start a crap game down stage from flash powder.*)

MUSTARD. What outfit?

HENRY. This hyah (*indicating clothes*) is all the outfit what Ah got, Admiral.

MUSTARD. Whah did you train?

HENRY. In box-cyahs, mostly. Fawty hums or weet shoves.

MUSTARD. Is you familiah with general orders?

HENRY. Boss, Ah ain't gettin' familiah with no gin'rals. It ain't healthy.

MUSTARD. Ah means, does you *know* general orders?

HENRY (*scratching his head*). No sah, cain't say as Ah does. Don't you reckon maybe he's back in the S. O. S.?

MUSTARD. Niggah, Ah think I'll slam you into St. Anne's brig.

HENRY. Sho' nuff? Wha' fo'?

MUSTARD (*starting off*). To run you up fo' a shoot!

HENRY. Shoot? Any tahn, Kunnel—any tahn a-tall. But when you comes, bring you' rabbit's foot an' beaucoup frankies, 'cause Ah's a gamblin' fool, that's what; a gamblin' fool! (*Exit MUSTARD.*)

HENRY (*going to other two*). Make way fo' Henry Hahdtack Hogshead! Ah's a gamblin' fool, an' Ah wants action. (*Kneels with them and is reaching in his pocket when—*)

WATSON *enters, L.*

WATSON. Whah's the sentry on this hyah post? Whah's the sentry on this hyah post? Cawpril of the gyahd! Cawpril of the gyahd! (*Sees crap game, grabs HENRY by the collar and drags him forward.*)

HENRY. Don't pick on me, boss. Ah ain't cawpril of the gyahd. Ah ain't nothin' only a low-down buck private.

WATSON. Whah's the sentry on this post?

HENRY. Ah reckon maybe he jes' stepped out fo' lunch, boss.

WATSON. Don't you call me boss. You calls me lootenant. That's mah rank!

HENRY. Rank is right!

WATSON. What's that you say, niggah?

HENRY. Ah says, hencefo'ward an' from now on, Ah calls you lootenant.

WATSON. That's right.

HENRY. All right, boss.

WATSON (*turns on him angrily*). Whah's yo' hat, niggah?

HENRY (*scratching his head*). Mah hat? Oh, a couple minutes ago, boss, somebody done heaved a bucket o' T. N. T. at me, an' blowed me right out from undah.

WATSON. From undah which?

HENRY. From undah mah hat.

WATSON. Whah was you hit?

HENRY. Between the duckboard an' the dugout.

WATSON. Boy, git yo'self a hat, an' take you' post.

HENRY. Ah ain't no sentry, boss.

WATSON (*fiercely*). Who says you ain't?

HENRY. Ah says Ah ain't!

WATSON. An' Ah says you is! Now what you say?

HENRY. Boss, Ah ain't nothin' only a low-down buck private, but mah experience is that it don't nevah bring no good results to argue with a second lootenant.

WATSON. Git a hat!

HENRY. Yassuh, lieutenant. (*Runs clumsily, affecting much speed, off L. and gets an overseas cap which is much too small. It is attached to thread as was his first hat. He re-enters quickly and salutes awkwardly.*)

WATSON. Git a gun!

HENRY. Yassuh. (*Business of clumsy haste, picking up RUFUS'S rifle. He puts it at right-shoulder but holding it with left hand, and doing hat salute with right hand.*)

WATSON. Take you' post!

HENRY. Yassuh, lieutenant. (*As he goes toward wall he lowers rifle to awkward trail, trips over it, etc.*)

WATSON. Now you knows what to do?

HENRY. Yassuh, boss. To observe all the crap games within sight an' hearin', an' in case of a second looeey or othah nuisance on or neah mah post, to give the alahm.

WATSON. Now walk yo' post until relieved! (*Exit with beaucoup swank.*)

HENRY (*crossing one foot over the other and leaning disconsolately on rifle*). Until relieved! Only thing that'll relieve this hyah niggah will be fo' Gin'ral Pershing to say, "Hyah, Henry Hahdtack Hogshead, hyah's yo' ticket fo' Mon'gomery, Alabama." (*Sits wearily on wall and lights a cigarette. Gun shot off stage and his rifle falls to the ground as though shot away. He continues smoking, undisturbed. Another shot and his mess kit falls. He goes on smoking contentedly. Bass drum thump off stage, followed by wailing whistle and shot, and his cap flies off. He throws cigarette angrily off R.*) Take it, you dawggone Dutchman! You-all wants it a heap worse'n Ah does! (*Takes harmonica from pocket and plays a few notes of "Dixie."*)

Enter MISSEM, L., going to wall and creeping along stealthily under its cover.

HENRY. Hey, buddy, got any smokin'?

MISSEM. Who talkin'?

HENRY. Me. The century. Who is you?

MISSEM. Ah's a snipah.

HENRY. Well, snipah, you-all is sho' outa luck. A squarehead snipah ovah yondeh (*points off R.*) beat you to it, and mah snipe now reposeth tranquilly in Nobody's Front Yahd.

MISSEM (*eagerly*). Whah he at? Whah he at? (*Rests rifle on wall in firing position.*) All Ah wants to see is the white of his eyeball, an' Ah'll perforate his appendix!

HENRY. Mah goodness gracious, Mistah Snipeshootah. You-all sho' is hahd up fo' a smoke! You reckon you could hit him?

MISSEM (*boastfully*). Hit him? You-all ax me kin Ah hit him? Listen, niggah. Anything Ah aims at an' don't hit, it's because it ain't at whah Ah aims at. Hit him? Ah'll say Ah kin!

HENRY (*skeptically*). Say you kin ain't is you kin.

MISSEM. Boy, when Ah talks Ah ain't only talkin'. Ah's sayin' a mouthful. (*Points off R.*) See 'at church steeple ovah yondeh?

HENRY (*looking*). Whah at?

MISSEM. 'Bout ten or twelve calamities towahds Berlin.

HENRY. Ah sees it.

MISSEM. See the bell way up in the top o' the steeple?

HENRY (*looking intently*). Whah at? Oh, the one with the crack runnin' through it?

MISSEM. You said it.

HENRY (*shading his eyes*). Reckon it ain't been rung lately. They's a spideh web onto it.

MISSEM (*aiming*). It's gwine to be rung in a minute.

HENRY (*sarcastically*). Who says it is?

MISSEM. Who says it ain't?

HENRY. Five francs says it ain't.

MISSEM. A fool and his money is soon separated. (*Aims and fires. Bell rings off stage.*) Niggah, shake down.

HENRY. Nothin' but luck. Ten francs you cain't do it again.

MISSEM. Boy, you suttently is reckless with Uncle Sam's money. (*Fires and bell rings. HENRY mournfully pays him.*) You calls that luck, does you?

HENRY. 'Tain't luck. Nothin' only jest a remahkable coincidence. Cain't do it again.

MISSEM. Express yo' convictions with the stuff what talks.

HENRY. Twenty francs says you is sho' talkin' foolish.

MISSEM. Twenty francs is kissin' you goodby. (*They put money on wall.*)

(*MISSEM aims very deliberately, readjusting sights, etc., and HENRY becomes impatient. At last MISSEM fires and reaches for the money, but the bell does not ring. HENRY pushes him away and reaches for the money. As he is putting it in his pocket, the bell rings. He gives a violent start and lets the money fall. MISSEM picks it up. HENRY listlessly hands him a pack of cigarettes.*)

HENRY. Snipe-shootah, you wins the snipes! (*HENRY sits mournfully on wall. MISSEM swaggers to crap game and joins it. HENRY singing sadly.*)

Oh, the fahmeh in the dell,
 / The fahmeh in the dell.
 Ah told the snipah, an'
 The snipah tolled the bell!

Enter WATSON, L. He goes to wall and walks close to HENRY.

WATSON (*shouting at him*). Sentry!

HENRY (*listlessly*). Yassuh, lootenant.

WATSON. What kind of a sentry is you, anyhow? Why fo' don't you challenge me?

HENRY. 'Gainst regulations to shoot craps with a officeh.

WATSON. Listen hyah! When Ah comes by, you say, "Halt, who goes theah?" Undahstand?

HENRY. Yes, boss.

WATSON (*angrily*). What?

HENRY. Ah means lootenant.

WATSON. Now pick up that gun an' watch yo' step. (*Goes away a few paces.*) Now, make it snappy! (*Starts back toward him.*)

HENRY. Halt! Who goes theah?

WATSON. A friend.

HENRY. You's a dawg-gone liah! No second looey ain't no friend of mine!

WATSON (*impatiently*). Well, what does you say now?

HENRY. If Ah said what Ah's thinkin', you'd slam me in the brig.

WATSON. Don't you remembah? "Advance, friend, an' be reckinized."

HENRY. All right, boss—(WATSON *turns angrily*) Ah means lootenant.

WATSON (*business of approaching as before*). Now, make it snappy!

HENRY. Halt! Who goes theah?

WATSON. A friend.

HENRY. Advance, friend, an' let me smell yo' breff!

WATSON (*furiously*). Listen, hyah, niggah! If we had you in ouah comp'ny, we'd make a soldieh outa you!

HENRY. Well, lootenant, if we had *you* in *ouah* comp'ny, Ah reckon we'd make a "Y" seckatary outa you! (*Joins crap game.*)

(*Five heavy thumps on bass drum off stage, in march time, thus: "Bang! Bang! Bang-bang-bang!" WATSON follows it with break step.*)

WATSON (*shouting*). Com-pan-ee—fall in!

MISSEM (*to HENRY*). Niggah, why fo' you-all interdooce yo' unwelcome presence? Yo' is broke.

HENRY. Mistah snipe-shootah, ain't got don't signify ain't gwine to git. Ah got fifty centimes fo' a nest egg. Who got the bones? (*Business.*)

WATSON (*shouting louder*). Com-pan-ee—fall in!

HENRY (*business*). Fifty centimes makes ten francs in a hurry. Ah leaves it lay. Li'l' dominoes, don't you fo'get yo' mastah's voice. What you say? All mine! Ah leaves it lay.

WATSON (*shouting still louder*). Com-pan-ee—fall in!

HENRY (*business*). Twenty francs Ah makes it, an' it all comes home to roost. Ah's a gamblin' fool from Mon'-

gomery, Alabama, an' Ah's gettin' action! Who say fifty francs?

(Distant battle effects, continuing from now on. WATSON strides frantically to game and grabs HENRY by the collar.)

HENRY. Wha's the mattah, boss—Ah means lootenant?

WATSON. Wha's the mattah, you dawg-gone triflin' nig-gah? Why, it ain't nothin'. *(Sarcastically.)* Nothin' a-tall, only a raid!

HENRY. Hush yo' fuss! Wish't Ah was home. Cops don't raid no quiet li'l' crap games back in Mon'gomery, Alabama.

WATSON. Com-pan-ee—fall in!

(Drum thump off stage, shrill wailing whistle and explosion, as flash goes off up stage, directly back of players, appearing to have exploded in their midst. HENRY, RUFUS, HIGGINS and MISSEM do backward somersaults, pick up their guns and then form awkward squad in front of WATSON. This business must go fast.)

WATSON. Com-pan-ee—'tention!

(The following business should be as unmilitary and absurd as possible, no two men doing the same thing at the same time, and all showing utter incompetence in the manual. Other soldiers may be introduced if desired and the "drill" may be elaborated at the discretion of the director.)

WATSON. Shouldah—ahms! *(Business.)* Pree-sent—ahms! *(Business.)* Port—ahms! *(Business.)* Ordeh—ahms! *(Business.)* Pee-rade—rest! *(Business.)* Port—ahms! *(Business.)* As you was—ahms! *(Business.)* *(HENRY drops rifle and stands listlessly, hands in pockets.)* What's this—a mutiny?

HENRY. Ain't said nothin' 'bout no mutiny, but *(angrily)* Ah ain't gwine to play yo' old game until you-all makes up yo' mine what you wants!

Enter FLATFOOT, L., running. Salutes, hands WATSON a paper and exits L.

WATSON *(looking at paper)*. Half the regiment wiped

out! Henry Hahdtack Hogshead, you is permoted to the rank of cawpril!

HENRY (*grinning sheepishly*). Hush yo' fuss!

Enter DOTSON, L. *He wears a football helmet and carries an immense telegraph key in his hand. This can be made with a cigar box, a strip of heavy tin and a spool. If made with a ratchet, so that it clicks loudly, it will be more effective.*

DOTSON. The enemy is advancin' all along the line! (*Puts key on a box or stump, sits on another and does telegrapher business.*)

HENRY (*to DOTSON*). Ask 'em if the Mon'gomery local is on time.

DOTSON (*working key*). Mo' casualties in the regiment is repoted!

WATSON (*to HENRY*). Henry Hahdtack Hogshead, you is made a sahgent!

HENRY. Ah's a sahgent, is Ah? Oh, boy, maybe Ah ain't hahd-boiled! (*Pushes WATSON out of his way.*) Hey, buddy, beat it! Ain't no shave-tails gwine bother me no mo'! Ah's a sahgent, an' Ah's hahd-boiled! (*To squad.*) Hey, you niggahs, snap out o' yo' dope! Shake yo' feet! Ah's a gamblin' sahgent, an' Ah wants action! Git to yo' posts! (*Points to nest. RUFUS and HIGGINS go back of screen.*) Make some music with that machine-gun an' leave me hyah you play the Memphis Blues so it sounds to Heinie like Chopin's funeral mahch! (*Wheel spins.*)

DOTSON (*working key*). Ouah men is fallin' fast!

Enter FLATFOOT, L., running, hands WATSON a paper and exits L.

WATSON. Henry Hahdtack Hogshead, yo' is to be congratulated! Yo' is commissioned a second lootenant!

HENRY. Ah's a second looeey, sure 'nough? (*All salute him. He runs to wall and starts up ladder.*)

WATSON. Niggah, you gwine git killed plumb dead!

HENRY (*dramatically*). Ah's gwine to die a hero's death an' wipe out mah disgrace!

(*Hoof beats. HENRY hears the rattle as he is about to leap from wall.*)

HENRY. What that rattlin'? Who gallopin' the dominoes without invitin' me? Hot-dawg, make way fo' Henry Hahd-tack Hogshead! Ah's a gamblin' fool an' Ah wants action! (*Rushes from wall, looking for crap game.*)

Enter FLATFOOT, L., running, and salutes WATSON.

FLATFOOT. The entire battalion is surrounded, suh! We is lost! (*Exit.*)

MUSTARD *enters, L., in time to hear this.*

HENRY. Lost? We is a kind of a misplacement battalion.

MUSTARD. Yes, we is lost, unless—unless we kin find a volunteer to cross the lines! Who will volunteer fo' a task that means almost certain death?

WATSON (*patting HENRY'S back*). This brave niggah is yo man, Kuhnel!

MUSTARD. Boy, is you brave?

HENRY. Ain't nevah yit been scared white. (*All through this scene HENRY is very badly frightened and wishing he could crawl out of the situation.*)

MUSTARD. No favoritism will be showed. Lootenant, fall in yo' company!

WATSON. Com-pan-ee—fall in!—'Tention! (*RUFUS and HIGGINS come from back of screen and join other soldiers in comedy business complying with command.*)

MUSTARD. Ah calls fo' volunteers fo' a hazardous mission. If you don't want to live to git you' bonus, take three paces fo'ward!

(*All but HENRY take three paces back briskly. This should be precise and snappy, to contrast with previous inefficiency.*)

MUSTARD (*shaking HENRY'S hand*). Mah boy, if you goes out thah—an' nevah comes back—you will be a hero!

HENRY (*mournfully*). Boss, if Ah goes out thah—an'

nevah comes back—Ah may be a hero, but Ah'll be likewise S. O. L.!

Enter FLATFOOT, L.

FLATFOOT (*saluting*). Hyah is the papehs, Kunnel.

MUSTARD (*to HENRY*). Boy, fix yo'self to go!

HENRY. Boss, cain't you say nothin' about fixin' mah-self to come back? (*Exit L.*)

WATSON. Men, to yo' posts. Take chahge o' the machine-gun! (*DOTSON and FLATFOOT go back of screen. Wheel spins.*)

Enter HENRY, wearing tin wash basin for helmet.

MUSTARD (*handing paper to HENRY and pointing off R.*). Git on that hoss an' go through that garage!

HENRY (*looking off*). That ain't no hoss. That ain't nothin' but a sack o' bones that don't know they's dead!

MUSTARD (*sternly*). Git on that hoss an' let me hyah you rattle!

HENRY. Rattlin' the bones is the best thing which Ah does. Watch me roll 'em, boss, an' bet you money on li'l' Joe! (*Exit R., running.*) Phoebe, giddap! (*Off stage.*)

(*All look tensely off R. FLATFOOT works hoofbeats back of screen, as indicated. Hoofbeats start.*)

HIGGINS (*pointing off R.*). Yondeh he goes!

RUFUS. Yondeh he goes, an' yondeh he stays!

WATSON. Lookit the way that niggah gallops acrosst No Man's Land!

(*Increasing battle effects off stage.*)

MUSTARD. They's aftah him! They's gettin' his range!

(*Hoofbeats stop.*)

WATSON. Thah he goes—down a shell hole!

(*Hoofbeats start.*)

MUSTARD. He's up again! He's on his way!

RUFUS. Watch that hoss switch his tail. Looks like a human airiplane!

(*A shot.*)

HIGGINS. They got him! (*Pause.*) No, they ain't. Hoss got his tail shot off!

RUFUS. Airiplane lost its perpelluh!

MUSTARD. Henry, you is savin' yo' glorious flag!

RUFUS. Ah reckons you don't save nothin' else but!

(A shot. Hoofbeats stop.)

MUSTARD. He is down! We is lost!

WATSON. He's gettin' up. It's his hoss what's killed.

RUFUS *(having "pinched" field glasses from MUSTARD's case)*. Jerry sho' done bust that hoss from bridle to hame-straps! *(Pause.)* Oh, look at Henry! He's takin' a hoss away from a Dutch gin'ral!

(Hoofbeats start. MUSTARD takes glasses from RUFUS.)

MUSTARD. Yondeh he goes!

ALL *(a la racetrack)*. Go o-n, Henry! Go o-n, Henry!

Violent battle effects. FLATFOOT, pounding cocoanut shells on stage, gradually comes in view of audience around R. end of screen, as if he is absorbed in watching action and has forgotten to remain covered. HENRY enters R., battle effects stop suddenly, and when FLATFOOT sees HENRY he stops hoofbeats.

MUSTARD *(to HENRY)*. What is you doin' hyah?

HENRY. Ah come back fo' mah dice! Ah's gwine to roll that Dutch gin'ral fo' his whole dawg-gone ahmy!

(Resume battle effects, not too loud.)

WATSON *(dramatically)*. We will make a last, desprit stand an' die befo' takin' ouah boots off! *(Goes back of "machine-gun nest," followed by all but HENRY and MUSTARD. Wheel spins.)*

MUSTARD. Henry, you is a hero. What would you like fo' me to tell General Pershing?

HENRY. Well, boss, Ah's gettin' plumb tired of bein' a second lieutenant.

MUSTARD. Would you like fo' to be permoted?

HENRY. Yessuh, boss, Ah reckon Ah would.

MUSTARD. What rank would you like to have?

HENRY. Well, boss, if Ah gets my choice—

MUSTARD. You suttently does.

HENRY. Ah reckon Ah'll be a buck private!

(Drum thump, whistle and very loud bang. Machine-gun screen falls forward flat on the stage, revealing FLATFOOT operating the paddle wheel and lively gambling going on in front of it. Crap game also in progress. All are very noisy and enthusiastic. MUSTARD looks fiercely at game. HENRY looks timorously at MUSTARD. Brief tableau. HENRY takes dice from his pocket and shakes them lovingly.)

MUSTARD *(to HENRY)*. Boy, gimme them dice! *(HENRY hands them to him, sorrowfully. MUSTARD suddenly pulls out large wads of money from under his uniform and slams them down on the stage.)* Hot-dawg, Henry! Let's go!

(MUSTARD and HENRY kneel, down C., and HENRY gets out a single bill as MUSTARD rolls the dice. Battle effects, very loud. Music fast and forte, popular ragtime.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

Denison's Black-Face Series

The Cream of Darky Humor

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postpaid

AXIN' HER FATHER.—Negro farce, by O. E. Young; 2 males, 3 females. Time, 25 minutes. Old Peppercorn, very deaf, has three daughters. Augustus, Priscilla's suitor, attempts to ask the old man for permission to marry her. Peppercorn, failing to understand him, and thinking he is insulted, begins the fun.

THE BOOSTER CLUB OF BLACKVILLE.—A colored comedy concoction, by Harry L. Newton; 10 males. Time, 25 minutes. A political burlesque with the funniest negro cast of characters imaginable. It is particularly suitable for a minstrel afterpiece.

A COLORED HONEYMOON.—Minstrel afterpiece, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 2 females. Time, 25 minutes. A blissful moment of home-making ruthlessly upset by an unromantic janitor and an inquisitive landlady.

COON CREEK COURTSHIP.—Negro sketch, by O. E. Young; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. The stumbling, ludicrous attempts of bashful Johnnie Overalls in asking Sallie Grindstone to become his wife and the ridiculous coaching of the persistent darky maiden will cause no end of merriment.

THE COONTOWN THIRTEEN CLUB.—Minstrel afterpiece, by Harry L. Newton; 14 males. Time, 25 minutes. Thirteen aristocrats of Coontown have formed themselves into a suicide club. One member must commit suicide at every annual club banquet. This is the first banquet and the first victim is chosen; however, the method he selects for his farewell departure is far more ludicrous than destructive.

THE DARKTOWN FIRE BRIGADE.—Minstrel afterpiece, by Harry L. Newton; 10 males. Time, 25 minutes. A church fire and an alarm from a millinery store neither awake enthusiasm nor get aid from the dusky heroes, but there is a mad rush when a blaze in a brewery is reported. A red-hot bit of African burlesque.

GOOD MORNIN' JUDGE.—Minstrel afterpiece, by Harry L. Newton; 9 males, 2 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Scene:** A police court. A ludicrous dispensation of justice, perhaps lacking in jurisprudence, yet of a brand that will hit an audience. Lily White, who wants a divorce because she is married, is a scream.

HUNGRY!—Comedy a la mode, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males. Time, 15 minutes. A hungry darky meets a friend with a big basket of "eats." Instead of having his appetite satiated with food he has it stimulated with elaborate descriptions of fried chicken and tales of hunting the wild doughnut in its native jungle.

OH, DOCTOR!—Minstrel afterpiece, by Harry L. Newton; 6 males, 2 females. Time, 30 minutes. Two lively servants, during the absence of Dr. Quack, treat his patients. The fun comes fast and furious. This sketch is a slap-stick classic.

STICK TO YOUR WORD GAL.—Negro farce, by O. E. Young; 4 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. This piece is full of rollicking humor, odd situations and just the thing for a "wind up" to send everyone home happy.

TROUBLED BY GHOSTS.—Negro farce; by Larry Vane; 4 males. Time, 10 minutes. Full of action and very funny. May play white.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HANNAH.—Minstrel afterpiece by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. Hannah cuts off her hair and sells it to buy a watch chain, an anniversary present, for her husband, while he pawns his watch to buy her a pair of side-combs. Unique nigger humor.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Price, 25 Cents Each, Postpaid

THE GODDESS OF LOVE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. Scene: Simple exterior. Aphrodite, a Greek Goddess, is a statue in the park. According to tradition, a gold ring placed upon her finger will bring her to life. Knott Jones, a tramp, who had slept in the park all night, brings her to life. A rare combination of the beautiful and the best of comedy. Novel, easy to produce and a great hit.

HER HERO.—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. To test her lover's courage, a young lady pretends she hears a burglar in an adjoining room and insists that he shall investigate. He meets with a surprise which is far from what the jesting maiden had anticipated. Rich comedy and rapid action.

"Used 'Her Hero' with great success for six successive weeks."
—Herman Nelms, Nashville, Tenn.

A HOME RUN.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry W. Osborne; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. A bit of baseball nonsense introduced into a novel situation. "Inshoots" of wit, "out-curves" of mirth and "drop-balls" of hilarity are put over the "plate" in rapid succession.

HOT AIR.—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. Briggs and his chum after a night out. Brigg's wife after an explanation. She finds their lovely "fairy tale" simply "hot air" and they find themselves in "hot water." Their ingenuity in extricating themselves from the humid situation is most amusing.

IS IT RAINING?—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 10 minutes. Otto Swimmorebeer, a German, Susan Fairweather, a friend of his. This act runs riot with fun, gags, absurdities and comical lines.

"I have had expensive sketches, but your's beat them all."
—Gust Muech, Milwaukee, Wis.

A MISTAKEN MISS.—Vaudeville sketch, by George Totten Smith; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. The maiden expects to meet a very sedate young man, which part he impersonates, although he is quite the opposite. He also makes up as an Irishman. However, the mistake was not amiss for the mistaken miss, as he proves to be her willing ideal. Strong plot, plenty of 'laughs' with opportunity for good acting.

MR. AND MRS. FIDO.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Mrs. Fido's husband and her dog Bruno are sick. Johnson, a dog doctor, who is just over from Sweden, is mistaken for Mr. Fido's physician, and complications arise that create more disturbance than a mustard plaster on a small boy. A great Swede part.

"We are now playing 'Mr. and Mrs. Fido' to crowded houses. Big hit."
—The Elliotts, Clay Center, Kan.

ONE SWEETHEART FOR TWO.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 females. Time, 20 minutes. It is not recorded in the book of Time when one sweetheart was sufficient for two ambitious maidens. The dialogue and action in this sketch are as magnetic as the breeze from an electric fan.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

Denison's Vaudeville Sketches

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Price, 25 Cents Each, Postpaid

BREAKFAST FOOD FOR TWO.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Scene: Simple interior. Seldom Sells, a drummer for bottled spring water and condensed milk, and Carrie Samples, a breakfast food demonstrator, meet in a small freight office during a snow blockade. Once they were friends, but strangers now; however, while appeasing their hunger with their samples a reconciliation is affected. This sketch is a decided novelty and one of the most choice morsels of humor ever served.

THE CABMAN AND THE LADY.—Vaudeville sketch, adapted by William D. Emerson; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. Played a number of seasons with great success by "Emerson, Caffray and Emerson." It is a scream.

A COLD FINISH.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 15 minutes. Scene: An interior. A cheeky life insurance agent forces himself into the home of a wealthy lady. Her attempt to get rid of him is side splitting. It has an unexpected finish which is always a great hit in vaudeville. Really a two-part sketch, as the iceman has only a few lines.

THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. A long lost sailor returns and in explaining his absence to his wife, finds he has steered into rough weather. As a peace-offering he gives her a large "roll of bills" and she admits having a second husband named Bill; however both prove counterfeit. There is a dash of wit and a foam of humor in the Old Salt's tale of adventures that cannot fail to delight.

DOINGS OF A DUDE.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Scene: Simple interior. Maizy von Billion, of athletic tendencies, is expecting a boxing instructor and has procured Bloody Mike, a prize fighter, to "try him out." Percy Montmorency, her sister's ping pong teacher, is mistaken for the boxing instructor and has a "trying out" that is a surprise. A whirlwind of fun and action.

FRESH TIMOTHY HAY.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton; 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Scene: Simple rural exterior. By terms of a will, Rose Lark must marry Reed Bird or forfeit a legacy. Rose and Reed have never met and when he arrives Timothy Hay, a fresh farm hand, mistakes him for Pink Eye Pete, a notorious thief. Ludicrous lines and rapid action. Chance for songs and specialties if desired.

"We presented 'Fresh Timothy Hay' with great success."—Frank S. Wildt, Lancaster, Pa.

GLICKMAN, THE GLAZIER.—Vaudeville sketch, by Harry L. Newton and A. S. Hoffman; 1 male, 1 female. Time, 25 minutes. Scene: Simple interior. Charlotte Russe, an actress, is scored by a dramatic paper. With "blood in her eye" she seeks the critic at the office, finds no one in and smashes a window. Jacob Glickman, a Hebrew glazier, rushes in and is mistaken for the critic. Fun, jokes, gags and action follow with lightning rapidity. A great Jew part.

"Under the team name of Herbert and Elliott we are making a big hit with 'Glickman, the Glazier.' Your 'stuff' is the best ever."—C. W. Herbert, Spokane, Wash.

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

Price 25 Cents Each

	M.	F.
All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4	6
Aunt Harriet's Night Out, 35 min.	1	2
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min.		11
Billy's Chorus Girl, 30 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Class Ship, 35 min.	3	8
Divided Attentions, 35 min.	1	4
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Getting Rid of Father, 20 min.	3	1
Goose Creek Line, 1 hr.	3	10
Great Pumpkin Case, 35 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Honest Peggy, 25 min.		8
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Just Like a Woman, 35 min.	3	3
Last Rehearsal, 25 min.	2	3
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.		8
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.		8
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Paper Wedding, 30 min.	1	5
Pat's Matrimonial Venture, 25 min.		1 2
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Runnige Sale, 50 min.	4	10
Sewing for the Heathen, 40 min.		9
Shadows, 35 min.	3	4
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Teacher Kin I Go Home, 35 min.	7	3
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3	2
Wanted: a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Watch, a Wallet, and a Jack of Spades, 40 min.	3	6
Whole Truth, 40 min.	5	4
Who's the Boss? 30 min.	3	6
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.		8

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

Price 15 Cents Each

April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 15 min.	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.		19
Before the Play Begins, 15 min.	2	1
Billy's Mishaps, 20 min.	2	3
Country Justice, 15 min.		8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 25 m.	3	2
Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	

	M.	F.
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.		6
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.		8
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Lottie Sees It Through, 35 min.	3	4
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Please Pass the Cream, 20 min.	1	1
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Smith's Unlucky Day, 20 min.	1	1
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Wanted: A Hero, 20 min.	1	1

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES

Price 25 Cents Each

Amateur, 15 min.	1	1
At Harmony Junction, 20 min.	4	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coming Champion, 20 min.		2
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Ruhe! 15 min.		1
It Might Happen, 20 min.	1	1
Little Miss Enemy, 15 min.	1	1
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Marriage and After, 10 min.		1
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Quick Linen Cabaret, 20 min.	4	
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Street Faker, 15 min.	3	
Such Ignorance, 15 min.	2	
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Vait a Minute.	2	2

BLACK-FACE PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each

Axin' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 min.		10
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min.	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 m.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 m.	10	
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min.	9	2
Hungry, 15 min.	2	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Memphis Mose, 25 min.	5	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.		4
What Happened to Hannah, 15 min.	1	1

A great number of
Standard and Amateur Plays
not found here are listed in
Denison's Catalogue

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT

Illustrated Paper



IN this Series are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

A Partial List

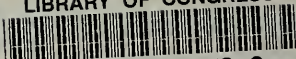
DIALOGUES

- All Sorts of Dialogues.**
Selected, fine for older pupils.
- Catchy Comic Dialogues.**
Very clever; for young people.
- Children's Comic Dialogues.**
From six to eleven years of age.
- Country School Dialogues.**
Brand new, original.
- Dialogues for District Schools.**
For country schools.
- Dialogues from Dickens.**
Thirteen selections.
- Friday Afternoon Dialogues.**
Over 60,000 copies sold.
- From Tots to Teens.**
Dialogues and recitations.
- Humorous Homespun Dialogues.**
For older ones.
- Little People's Plays.**
From 7 to 13 years of age.
- Lively Dialogues.**
For all ages; mostly humorous.
- Merry Little Dialogues.**
Thirty-eight original selections.
- When the Lessons are Over.**
Dialogues, drills, plays.
- Wide Awake Dialogues.**
Original successful.

SPEAKERS, MONOLOGUES

- Choice Pieces for Little People.**
A child's speaker.
- The Comic Entertainer.**
Recitations, monologues, dialogues.
- Dialect Readings.**
Irish, Dutch, Negro, Scotch, etc.
- The Favorite Speaker.**
Choice prose and poetry.
- The Friday Afternoon Speaker.**
For pupils of all ages.
- Humorous Monologues.**
Particularly for ladies.
- Monologues for Young Folks.**
Clever, humorous, original.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 938 670 3

- Monologues Grave and Gay.**
Dramatic and humorous.
- Scrap-Book Recitations.**
Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. 15 Nos.

DRILLS

- The Best Drill Book.**
Very popular drills and marches.
- The Favorite Book of Drills.**
Drills that sparkle with originality.
- Little Plays With Drills.**
For children from 6 to 11 years.
- The Surprise Drill Book.**
Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES

- The Boys' Entertainer.**
Monologues, dialogues, drills.
- Children's Party Book.**
Invitations, decorations, games.
- The Christmas Entertainer.**
Novel and diversified.
- The Days We Celebrate.**
Entertainments for all the holidays.
- Good Things for Christmas.**
Recitations, dialogues, drills.
- Good Things for Sunday Schools.**
Dialogues, exercises, recitations.
- Good Things for Thanksgiving.**
A gem of a book.
- Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays.**
- Little Folks' Budget.**
Easy pieces to speak, songs.
- One Hundred Entertainments.**
New parlor diversions, socials.
- Patriotic Celebrations.**
Great variety of material.
- Pictured Readings and Tableaux.**
Entirely original features.
- Pranks and Pastimes.**
Parlor games for children.
- Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes,**
Charades, and how to prepare.
- Tableaux and Scenic Readings.**
New and novel; for all ages.
- Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures.** For little tots.
- Yuletide Entertainments.**
A choice Christmas collection.
- MINSTRELS, JOKES**
- The Black-Face Joker.**
Minstrels' and end men's gags.
- A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy.**
Monologues, stump speeches, etc.
- Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route.**
A merry trip for fun tourists.
- Negro Minstrels.**
All about the business.
- The New Jolly Jester.**
Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago